

ON THE BIG BRIDGE.

Men and Women Who Take Constitutional There Every Day.

A Good Place to Stretch the Legs and Fill the Lungs.

Some of the Queer Characters to Be Seen on the Footpath.

Those denizens of New York and Brooklyn who look upon the great bridge that spans the two cities into one as a business convenience and the footpath but an economy of expense, do not realize that it is the grandest health resort promenade on the Western continent—always in the tidiest condition, never muddy, never dusty.



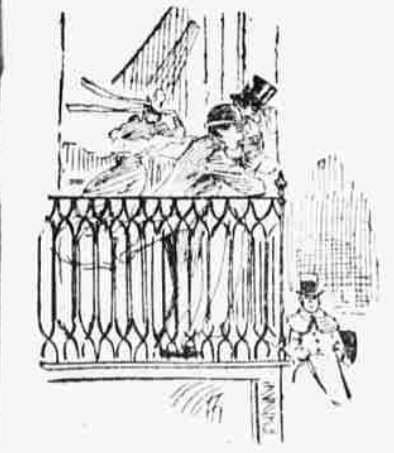
HIS DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

Here the breeze, freshened from its contact with the deep, broad water below, is always fresh, always bracing and healthful, and besides the breeze that passes over from Brooklyn to New York at the rate of 10,000 an hour from 7 to 10 in the morning, and wends its way homeward again between 4 and 7 in the evening, there are scores of people who treat the promenade every day, purely as a constitutional.

Other scores traverse the mile and a quarter span on foot each day in a healthful combination of exercise with business, while thousands repair for a bracer to the bridge occasionally when they are feeling out of sorts, run down on the heels and the like.

Those who patronize the East River bridge health resort include many men and women of note in all branches of human effort. Among them are Mayor Boody, of the City of Churches.

Mayor Boody is a busy man between his duties as chief magistrate of Brooklyn and as a banker. Each day at a little after 1 o'clock he concludes his day's service to the city and sets out for New York to do a second day's work.



A WINDY CORNER.

In ten minutes the cutters by the broad arch at Sands street, and striking a swinging cut, walks across the great bridge to Park Row and is swallowed up in the throngs.

The Mayor, smooth-faced and grave, wears a black Prince Albert coat, dark trousers and a silk hat. He looks every inch a Mayor, and he is a courteous, suave, old-fashioned American gentleman.

And here who takes his constitutional on the bridge is Gen. Barnes, the publisher, who is also a trustee of the bridge. Gen. Barnes appears at the Brooklyn end of the bridge promptly at 8.45 every morning, and in twenty minutes his brisk walk has taken him to New York, his eyes brightened, his cheeks flushed by the exercise in the stiff breezes that come up from the bay.

At 10 o'clock each morning a stocky, elderly man of soldierly bearing and wearing a small black mustache, enters at the Sands street station. He nods to the officers on duty there and passes on with a leisurely, dignified step. He is an observant citizen and sees everything of interest from the chair of Brooklyn at the Brooklyn end to the dome of the Custom House. He is Henry J. Hawley, a veteran of 101 battles, a boy at the time he came without a wound save out of his hair. He is returning from his business by the same path at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

There are two Brooklyn brothers, butchers at Washington Market, who walk over the bridge every day. They are short, round, burly fellows, and they are noticeable because when they enter the bridge for the first time they close up to the right, and the other to the left guard-rail, and then they walk apart to gether, showing their duty to each other across the bridge walk 10 feet wide.

The bridge policeman looks at these "egg-heads," and the other says: "Those butcher brothers walk right up to the line. When the promenade has been closed on account of danger from the ice on the cables, these boys have insisted and have been allowed to promenade, and their own lives. Why, they hate the ice, and if they couldn't walk they'd swim."

Chief Inspecter of the middle of the bridge, is the most observant of the force, he has been on the bridge since it opened in 1883, and he says the bridge is a "hot spot" that day and haven't missed since. None of the officers knew their names, but he is responsible for the statement that the bridge is a "hot spot" that day and haven't missed since.

President Ashman, of the South Brooklyn Building and Loan Association, walks for exercise every day. He is a tall, thin, old man, with a white beard and a white hair, and he is a very old man. He is a very old man, and he is a very old man.

Mr. Frothingham is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the face of a very old man, and he is a very old man. He is a very old man, and he is a very old man.

William A. Townsend, the veteran publisher, who has been on the bridge since it opened in 1883, and he says the bridge is a "hot spot" that day and haven't missed since.

The bridge is a very old man, and he is a very old man. He is a very old man, and he is a very old man.

Supt. Byrnes a marvelous man. Dr. Talmage says: "This bridge is the greatest health walk in the world."

And as a sort of return for the Doctor's compliments, the police inform scores of inquirers each Sunday morning just how they may find their way to the Talmage, Talmage, in a hurry, would keep a springer busy to keep up with his long, rapid, vigorous strides, despite his sixty years.



IN TRAINING.

Rabbi Joseph, the chief of the Orthodox in America, is a regular patron of the health promenade. He is usually accompanied by a younger man and they stroll slowly over the bridge, in earnest conversation, or gazing at the sights about as they stroll the way west.

The Rabbi is an inveterate cigarette smoker, and is liberal with his tobacco.

Rev. Father Keane, of St. James' Church, New York, and Rev. Fathers Kelley and Shanley, of Brooklyn, are frequent strollers on the bridge in the afternoon, spending much time on the middle span, between the two towers.

John H. Taylor, the lawyer who defended Carlyle Harris, on trial for poisoning his second wife, and Frank Delaney, who each other at the Sands street entrance and walk over every morning at 10 o'clock.

James Thorpe and Sam Gillespie, the coffee merchant, are among those who take daily constitutional on the bridge.

The brothers Nash, of the Oriental and Corn Exchange banks in New York, exercise every morning by walking from Brooklyn to business by way of the bridge and back again at night by the same route.

President Wagsstaff, of the Bridge Trustees, is a frequent "air sufferer" on the bridge, and so are Trustees Hull, Henrique and Lambert.

It is noticeable that most of those who promenade the bridge habitually wear blue spectacles, the sea breeze proving too strong for the unprotected eye.

Athletes appreciate the bridge health walk, too. Among the daily pedestrians there is Harry Burner, the "father of athletics," who lives in South Brooklyn and walks to his storage building in New York every day.

Phil Casey, the champion handball player, "trains" here, and John L. Sullivan, Charley Houston and other sporting men take bridge constitutional at times.

Among the regular promenade is "Mrs. Cunningham," a nervous old lady, so named because of a fancied resemblance to the woman charged years ago with killing King David. "Mrs. Cunningham" is a tall, old, ancient dame in rusty clothing. She abhors men in general and policemen in particular, and sometimes while her umbrella is in defense of fancied rights. Her hour is 2 p.m.

"Madame Straightback," the Female Roundman, is a daily promenade.

"She is as straight as the drum major of the 101st Infantry," says Officer Bouley, "and she stops at each of the four corners and cures at the clouds."

She is 70 years old or more; has wiry curls, blue "blinders" and a martial air. She spends about every afternoon on this "beat."

The "female duffer" is a thin, old-fashioned woman of thirty-five years, who was once pretty. She carries a violin under her arm from Brooklyn to New York twice each day in the year.

The "French lady" is about twenty-five, wears spring-heeled shoes and tan skirts. She carries a big blue parasol to match her gown, and could distance Dan O'Leary, Deel and toe, on her two trips each way daily.

A procession of office-cleaning women passes over the bridge every morning, goes back to Brooklyn at 10 and returns again at 4 p.m.

The familiar figure of "Duke O'Neill" is seen here each morning and evening, with padded shoulders and bell-crowned silk hat of the count d'Orsay style. He was a swell when dukes were favored, a dandy when swells came into fashion, and a beau with Beau Hickman when dandies came in vogue.

He is the most suave of all the patrons of the bridge promenade, and carries his sixty-five years with wondrous courage and spirit. He is a famous New York character.

"Abner" is a Scotch gentleman of ready-concealment. He is a Scotchman, and he is a Scotchman.

The "old sponge man" is another regular "passenger" with his string of sponges on his back.

"Old George" is a tramp of the deepest dye who walks with the heavy step of a tragedian. He gets his meals from the pails of the good-natured bridge policemen and sleeps on the burthen of South street walking home, though he proudly claims Brooklyn as his birthplace and his home.

In fact, the East River bridge is a place where all sorts and conditions of men and women may be found every day in the year for health, pleasure or business.

DEATHS IN BROOKLYN

The following is the official list, containing the name of every person in Brooklyn over ten years old whose death was reported to the Department of Health yesterday.

ANNE BARNES, 24, No. 232 Wythe Ave. EDWARD BROWN, 27, No. 123 1/2 Ave. ANNA BARNES, 74, Graham House, No. 320 Washington St.

THOMAS CARRIE, 32, No. 198 Tillary St. (L. L. L.) PARKER CLARK, 34, No. 216 Bow St. (book-keeper.)

JOHN HENRY DEDLEY, 10, No. 39 Clermont Ave. ALEXANDER F. DUBOIS, 42, No. 312 Atlantic St. JAMES DOOLEY, 71, No. 217 1/2 Graham St. (store-keeper.)

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HOW OUR PRESIDENTS RODE.

Grant Liked Fast Horses, Cleveland Slow Ones, Arthur Pacers and Harrison Coaches.

Sixty long years, with their sunshine and shadow, have passed since John T. Price, the well-known liverman of 311 Sixth street, first saw the light of day, says the Washington Post, and all day Monday, the 11th, he was kept busy receiving congratulations on his golden jubilee. Mr. Price was born in Alexandria on April 11, 1832.

Having been in business at his present stand for twenty-seven years he is full of reminiscences of great Americans who patronized his flyers. Among these was Gen. Grant, who came in one day and said: "Price, I want to take a spin over the road today. Let me have one of your fastest trotters." When the general returned he was profuse in his praise of the horse he had driven, and said: "Price, that fellow was chain lightning itself."

Gen. Grant's Arabian steed, presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey, were placed in Mr. Price's care when they first came here as were President Harrison's coach horses.

President Cleveland was afraid of runaway or skittish horses, and always asked for a gentle animal. Mr. Price met ex-President Cleveland at the depot upon his arrival here with seven carriages for himself and party. President Arthur's favorite was a pacing horse. He always said that a pace attached to a carriage produced the most delightful sensation.

He only furnished President Hayes with one horse for an early morning horseback ride in the country beyond the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Hayes asked for a gentle horse, and would not make his usual selection until he had seen several trotted by the stable boys.

Gen. Sheridan always asked for an equine full of life and fire. He was a daring and dashing rider.

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